"Knowledge is good."
- Emil Faber
"I am a cheese danish."
-John F. Kennedy

Hamilton College
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The Spectator

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Sketchy. Slander. Sophmoric. Spectator.
Oh yes, we will get in trouble. It was all JIM'S IDEA.

Huge Concert Festival on Hill 9
Event is prepared to be better than ever.

Bench brawl at NESCACs 15
Men's Basketball team wrecks Trinity.

Eight HAVOC volunteers burn Habitat house

Alternative Spring Break goes terribly wrong after students commit arson for insurance money

by Peaches Hayward '01
NEWS WRITER

In a most astonishing turn of events, Hamilton students who traveled to Greenville, South Carolina in order to build for Habitat for Humanity International, Inc. as part of HAVOC's Alternative Spring Break program, burned to the ground the smallish townhouse they had constructed that week, using a Zippo lighter and a bottle of WD-40.

"I knew that them there goddamn Yankees, all comin down here and all up in our housing business wasn't gone turn out to no damn good," said Pat Donn, professor of English at Greenville's Eastern Carolina University and Habitat chapter president.

The students believed they would be able to collect the insurance settlement for the property because they had built the house, according to local authorities.

"These there kids was nuts, they wasn't right in the head," said Greenville Police Chief Robert Cherry, who responded to the incident. "When we got there they was all standing in the house, yellin and gettin themselves burned up, crazy-like. Ever since we gave women the right to vote this kinda stuff been happening all over."

Consisting of three Phi Beta Kappa students, two Hillel students and four dance team members, the students apparently thought that allowing themselves to be burned badly would increase the settlement figure, according to the police report.

After fleeing the scene when local authorities arrived, the students jumped into their white Dodge van rented from Town-n-Gown, Inc. of Hamilton, New York and headed toward the Mexican border.

After spending the remainder of their volunteering funds on beer, salve, and the leafy drug marijuana, which produces a high when smoked, the members of the

Please see Arson, page 3

College Returns Land to Oneidas: "Sorry" says Tobin

By Opheila Rass '99
NEWS WRITER

At their last meeting, the Board of Trustees voted unanimously to return the disputed Hamilton College campus back to its original owners, the Oneida Indian Nation. The land was illegally purchased by Samuel Kirkland back in 1793 for two boxes of costume jewelry and 3 bottles of whiskey. The return of land was prompted by the Oneidas bringing suit against the college and 20,000 other upstate property owners in federal court.

The Oneidas contend that the state illegally obtained the land via a treaty, since according to federal law only Congress can sign a treaty between the U.S. and another sovereign nation. The illegality is exacerbated by the fact that the Oneidas received 206 smallpox-infested blankets as a signing bonus.

President Tobin, who is recovering from a head injury commented on the transfer of land.

"This munificent gift allows us to honor Hamilton's most accomplished and dedicated teaching scholars and to strengthen our commitment to academic excellence," said Eugene M. Tobin, Hamilton College president. "We are grateful for the Oneida's generous support of the college. It is a wonderful tribute to his parents, an important acknowledgment of the quality of our faculty, and a lasting benefit to future students."

Long-regaled to the position of cancer merchant and vice peddler, the Oneidas revel in their new role as administrators. In a statement released by the nation's central council, the tribe outlines a five-point agenda for improvement to the Hamilton Community.

1) The Little Pub will now be known as Turning Stone East. Cheap cigarettes will abound.
2) Firewater will be replaced by marijuana at all campus parties.
3) The housing crunch will be alleviated by the new Bob Nighthorse Campbell memorial longhouse. They don't call us the Keeper of the Central Fire for nothing.
4) The J-board will be scalped.
5) A greater emphasis will be placed upon knowledge rather than the artificial constraints of modern white educational systems. The entire person; mind, body, and spirit, will be cultivated. Less time will be spent on tests and more time on reflection and introspection. All those oposed to this policy will be scalped.

Local reaction to the land transfer has been mostly negative.

Jeff Foxworthy, president of the Upstate New York Bipartisan Anti-Indian League, commented, "It is wholly unfair for one group of people trying to take the land of another group of people who were here first. To use laws and treaties in this manner is just unamerican and inconscionable. Our forefathers, such as President Jackson and Governor Clinton, would be ashamed."

Area resident Shania Twain said, "I can't believe those injuns are taking our land. I won't stand for it. My parents didn't come to America for everybody to be treated equally."

Hamilton College reactions have been supportive.

"This grant will enable Hamilton to continue providing its faculty with the latest technological tools for instruction," said Tobin. "We are deeply appreciative of the Indian Nations generosity toward and confidence in Hamilton and the innovative programs we are developing for our students."

SPECTACLE

Let's party!!

PHOTO BY JEN IRVINE '00

The Hamilton Board of Trustees recently approved a plan to build a new social space, similar to this one at Williams College. The new hut, adjacent to Minor Field, will feature upcoming CAB events and concerts.

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To our readers:
As you may have noticed, this week's Spectator is an April Fool's edition. As such, the paper is intended as satire, no individual should attempt to glean factual truth from its pages. All quotations are fictional, as are most individuals mentioned. The material is not intended to be libelous, only farcical.

The Editorial Board

Campus Safety given guns

by John Holmes '01
NEWS WRITER

In a move that follows a decision made by the SUNY college system, Hamilton officials have implemented a plan that will allow campus safety officials to carry guns while on watch.

"This kind of outstanding dedication to Hamilton College is something of which to be truly proud," said President Eugene Tobin, who is recovering from a recent injury to the head. "Our students and alumni exemplify every day in their daily lives the standards to which they were held while on the Hill. This money will allow us to forward our endeavors in building more buildings and installing National Socialism on the Hill."

"We are concerned about the mean age of our campus safety employees," said Student Assembly members, "which is 84. I'm curious if men that age should be wielding semi-automatic weapons."

In response to this widely held concern, officials are now requiring vision tests and the existence of a prostate gland for campus safety employees.

"The other day, some one was peeing on the campus map," said campus safety patrolman Bob Averly. "So I cocked my gun and let loose. Turns out it was a deer, we got a problem with deer around here you know, but I missed wide and hit the dining hall, anyway."

Old M-1 Garands and Springfields were obtained from the local Utica Militia and National Guard troops. This is fortunate since the Security guards trained to these weapons when they stormed the Normandy beaches, according to administration officials.

"We stopped Gerry with these pieces so we can certainly take down a few rich college pukes." said Avery. "Although I do miss the trenches and mustard gas. I can, however, take out a Range rover with one shot."

Other recent security improvements include the purchase of ICBM's and tactical nuclear weapons from the former Soviet Union. "You'd be suprised what a neutron bomb can do to a white tailed doe at 300 paces. It's better than fishing with dynamite."

Campus safety has also established a barbed wire campus enclosure and a large concrete wall to separate the east and west sides of campus. Martin's Way has been renamed the Brandenburg gate.

"Ich been ein Berliner" said Pat Ingalls, Director of Campus Safety.

Student response to the new changes has been mixed.

Please see Weapons, page 3

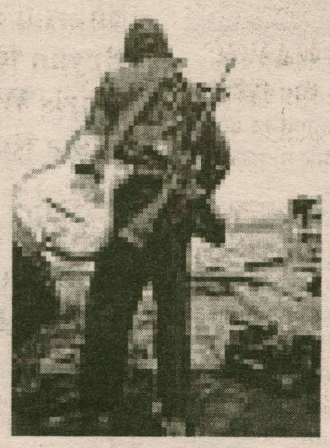
An Intimate chat with Tom Schwarz, President

By Martha Vierria '00
SPECIAL TO THE SPEC

Hamilton College's interim President, Thomas Schwarz, has had a very interesting life. From being a war hero to his love for children everywhere, Schwartz has dedicated his life to excellence. The Spectator's Martha Vierra sat down with the new president and his bottle of Jim Beam to see what he has to say about himself.

Spec: Mr. Schwarz, where did it all begin for you, where are you from?

TS: Well, I was born on a small pig farm in central Idaho, my father was a football star at Goldblat Country Day, my mother was the prom queen. Instead of accepting one of the many athletic scholarships to such places as Queens College, Brandeis or Yeshiva, my father decided he wanted to be a farmer in central Idaho. My grandfather was a wealthy diamond merchant and had set my father up with a generous trust fund, and he used that money to buy his farm in Core de Lane.



Schwartz in Southern China, 1965

I was born in their farmhouse in 1900. I was a sickly youth; between the ages of 4 and nine I came down with jaundice, scurvy, smallpox and went three bouts with rickets - the last of which nearly killed me. I was never athletically inclined, which was a great disappointment to my father.

Spec: What are your fondest memories from your formative years?.

TS: Well, there are two actually. The first was when the horse-less carriage first arrived in my town in 1914. That amazed me to no end. The second was my first sexual experience when I was in prep school. Sure, I knew what all my 'parts' were for (I did grow up on a farm with animals, after all), but there was nothing like my first time with another person.

I attended Middlesex Academy after my father died in 1915, where my roommate was a swarthy Greek with an Irish last name. He was built like a wrestler but his hands were so soft. One night after baseball practice, we were alone in the shower room together, he looked at me and I looked at him, then we embraced in passion like I have never felt since. The rest of that spring was like heaven, we had planned to live together the next year and forever, but he was drafted and sent to the western front, where a Hungarian shell ended his young life and our love. I still feel the loss today, it hurts.

Spec: Now, you are about to become president of Hamilton, how did you get to the College?

TS: After Jamie's death, I graduated Middlesex (last in my class), and came to the Hill on a scholarship from the Lifebouy Soap Company, but I was still broken hearted. I had no idea what I wanted to do with my life, but Hamilton helped me find my calling: exploiting the poor and underprivileged. I loved Economics, Business and everything that could teach how to repress and marginalize people who weren't as lucky as I was.

When I graduated I landed a job with a clothing manufacturer in Boston, where I supervised the 8 to 16 year olds who sat at the sewing machines. Sure, my shifts were from twelve to sixteen hours long, but the pay was good and the sex was great. I remember fondly, a young orphaned Russian girl named Tatya, who showed me how it was done on the streets of Moscow. My work was so good, but I was transferred to Kentucky to oversee the coal mines.

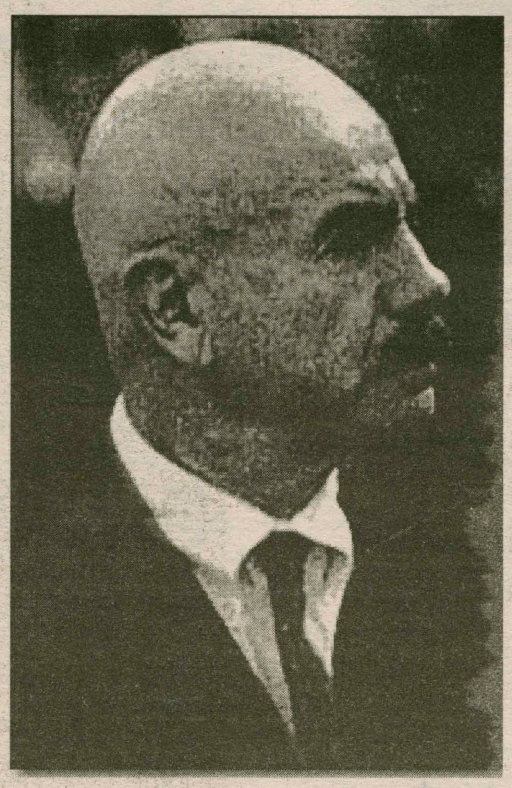
Spec: I understand that was the beginning of some hard times for you, what happened?

TS: Well, in 1932, I read Mein Kampf, and I was so impressed by it that I moved to Germany to become part of the German National Socialist Party. It was a great time in Berlin, everyone was so optimistic about the future. The parties were great - it was a scene right out of Metropolis - and I had a short romantic fling with Ava Gardner. Unfortunately, Tatya had passed on to me a very nasty case of the clap, and I was unable to help much in the effort.

Spec: And that is when you turned to opium?

TS: Yes, yes I was just getting to that. It burned so much down there that smoking opium was really the only way to get rid of the pain.

Spec: When did you come back to the states? (At this point Schwartz takes a huge pull off his bottle and lights another unfiltered Camel)



Schwartz in Washington during the Watergate hearings, 1973

TS: After the war, the CIA offered me a position, and I stayed there for twenty years. I consider that the best job I have ever had. Summers in Cuba, autumns in Dallas, winters in southern China. I was in charge selling arms to third world countries, but I really cannot talk about much of that.

Although, if I get a few more drinks under my belt, I may end up sharing some stories with you. Like the time I was assigned to kill Castro, but I forgot my gun at the airforce base in Florida, man was I bombed that night!!! Well I was walking around Havana, trying to find a gun or a knife or something and then it hit me, poison one of his cigars. I found some Drano and some ammonia in the safe-house I was staying at, I mixed them up, snuck into El Presidente's house and poured it into his humidor. The problem was that the Drano had bleach in it and I ended up giving myself chlorine gas poisoning, my lungs hemorrhaged and I spent eight months in a hyperbolic chamber. Plus I didn't get Castro, but I still laugh when I think of that night.

Schwarz's Work force in Boston, 1919.

Spec: And after the CIA?

TS: I went back to doing what I do best, motivating youthful employees. I was sent to Calcutta, where my company was making shoes. That was nice, for everything that needed to be done around the house, there were at least two hundred untouchables willing to work for almost nothing. And considering there were no toilets — only outhouses — it was a good thing to have these workers. I worked there from 1966 until 1969, it was hot, but I was still doing liaison work between my former CIA colleagues and Pakistani arms dealers, so the money was still rolling in. That was until my work for CREEP.

Spec: So what was your role in that whole Watergate thing?

TS: Well, my good friend Kevin Kennedy, who is now President of the Hamilton Board of Trustees, called me up. He was interning at the White House at that point, and he told me they needed a guy who had the skills I had learned from working with the CIA. I am actually the reason everyone got caught in that hotel room.

I was tripping off this great Purple Sunshine that I bought from a Black Panther named Fastlane. God this was stupid, I actually ordered room service to the room while Liddy and the rest of the crew were going through the files. That's how they caught us. I spent two years in prison from that little incident, every day of which I had to listen to Haldeman and Ehrlichman bitching at me, but inside is where I decided to dedicate myself to the nation of Islam and helping others.

Spec: I have heard you have founded several renowned organizations in your later years.

TS: Well, the one I am most proud of is my work in starting NAMBLA, but I also helped out with Zero Population Growth and the Grangers. I was particularly fond of my work in antidisestablishmentarianism. In 1982 I took an appointment to be head of Goldman Sachs.

Spec: We look forward to you heading up our school, you seem like a quality person.

TS: Thank you. I just hope President Tobin makes a speedy recovery from his freakish head injury.

Write for the Spec

We Need:
Sig Brothers
Men
Upperclassmen
Whites
People with Learning Disabilities
Happy HAVOC Helpers
Stoners

No Freshmen, Broads or GDI's need apply

New Facebook for '03

By Chesty Love '02
NEWS WRITER

In a decision that will facilitate greater campus social understanding, the Office of Communications and Development has agreed to release the upcoming first-year class face book complete with dimensions, STD status, and their sexual morals charted on a 10 point rating scale.

"I rated each of the freshmen, or should I say women, myself," Rit Fuller, Dean of Admissions, commented. It was exhausting and sweaty work, but it had to be done. You may want to note that the class of 2003 has the highest percentage of cheerleaders ever. These unprecedented numbers should elevate our dance team to varsity status and keep the football team happy for years to come."

The Inter Society Council applauded the redesign, saying, "In the past it was hard to determine if a girl had an ugly face but was still big breasted and easy. This new book will remove all of the guess work for social chairs."

Other schools such as Williams and Amherst have instituted the "loose girls good grades" policy for admissions, upping male student morale over 400%. Student reaction to the new policy has been mixed.

Rainbow Alliance president Melissa Etheridge '99 feels that the new book "may degrade women and treat them as objects, but the new sexual preference column makes getting a date that much easier. Before we just had to go on if they shaved their pits or not."

DU President Drew Bledsoe also is a huge fan of the Facial Shot book. "Finally the administration has its priorities in the right place."

D Phi president James Doohnan just said "Girls. uhhhhhhhhhhhhhhh. Beam me up!"

Others, however, frown upon the book. PBX president Blair Underwood said, "Its just not fair. I mean first there are no evaluations of male genitalia size or earning potential. Secondly, they might start dating the hockey team and then what would we do?"

AD Brother Wyre Brusch '00 also dislikes the new book. "They don't include the important stuff like family wealth or social standing. I mean we can usually smell our own, but a little help would be nice."

President Tobin, who is recovering from a recent head injury summed up the new policy: "This just renews our commitment to student life. Alumni giving is on the rise. We're building a new science facility that will rival anything Williams or Amherst has to offer. Were building a bridge to the 21st century. Read my lips, No New Taxes."

GUNS: con't from page 1

Said DKE president, trailer park resident and avid bow hunter Bob Seger, "It seems that tactical nukes and automatic rifles might give those security guys too much of an advantage. I mean all we have are kegs and exotic dancers."

Ted Nugent, president of the Conservative Club and Delta Phi fraternity member, disagreed.

"I feel that it is a positive step whenever an Iron Curtain is drawn across a community. If only we could establish camps for ... well that a whole other issue."

President Tobin, who is recovering form a severe head injury, summed it all up when he said, "The dedication of these men to the building of our community is commendable. Alumni giving is at an all time high. We are in the process of building one of the premier science facilites for a college this size. Alumni have always been our backbone and we thank them for their support

Arson Scheme Foiled

from Arson, page 1

The raging blaze set by HAVOC volunteers overwhelms the GFD.

dance team apparently engaged in acts of prostitution in order to secure more funds for their trip.

"We are so proud of our HAVOC volunteers," said Hamilton College President Eugene Tobin, who is recovering from a recent head injury. "These young men and women are displaying the kind of ingenuity, independent thinking and well-rounded interests that a Hamilton education hopes to instill in its young chickens."

Another anonymous Administrative official added, "Where are those dance team members? I need to fu... I mean to congratulate them personally, in private, away from my wife."

The Greenville volunteers will not be included in future HAVOC trips, according to executive board members. The board is planning a trip to Kazakhstan next year, where it plans to build more efficient and modern tenement slums and brothels, as part of the US Government's Project America: Spreading our Democratic Ideal.

Phi Beta Kappa Names Anounced

The folowing Students, Faculty and Alumni Have been Inducted into Phi Beta Kappa

Terry Hawkridge
Tommy Carroll
Chris Yaegel
Betsy Espe
Your Mom
Osama bin Laden
Thomas Schwartz
Rebbeca Reed Kantrowitz
Sharon Dicks
Bryan Kohm
Chris Weeks
Luke Roden
Gorm
John Tesh
Slobodan Milosevic
Mr. Finley P'99
Samuel Adams
Aaron Burr
Jan Coates
Tim Renyi
The Orkin Man
Steve (Bartender @ The Rok)
Butros Butros Gali
Mrs. Sargent
Tim Donahue
Kevin Kennedy
Timothy Sapir

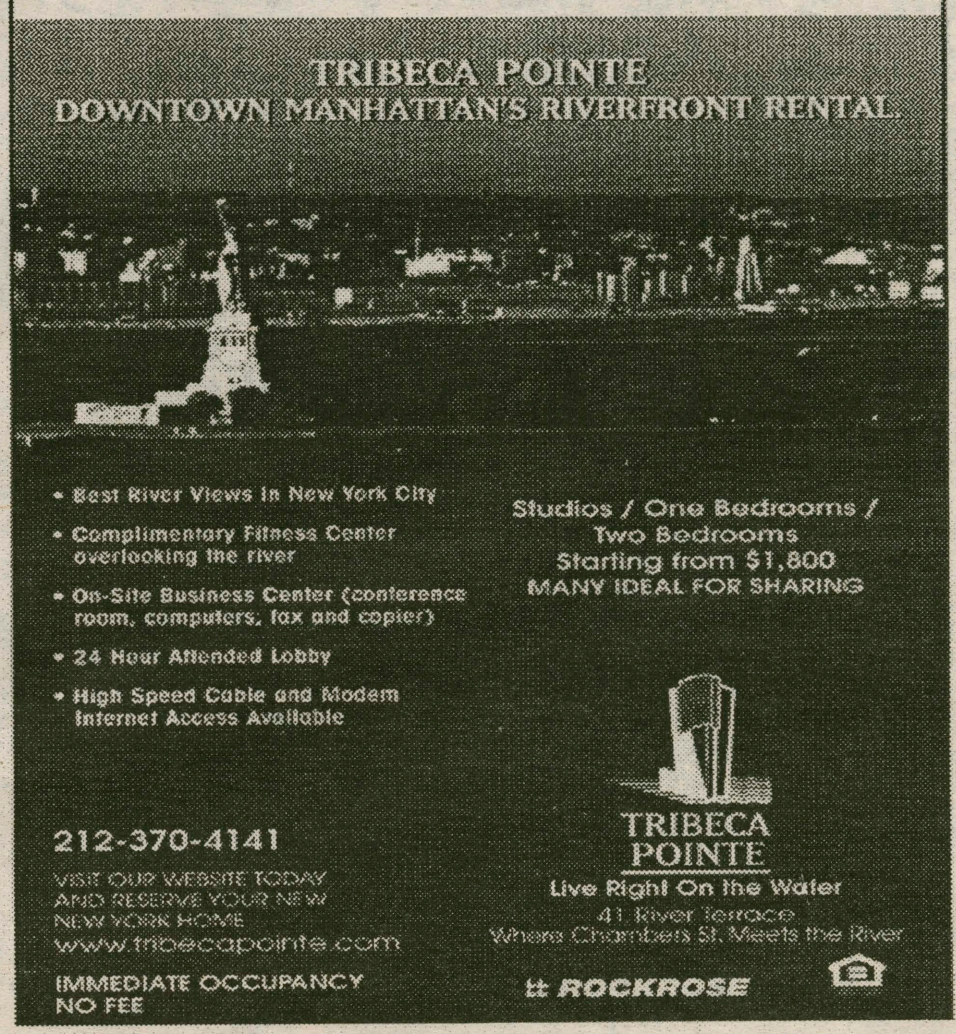
Pledge GKE!!

Your Local GKE chapter is now accepting applications for Membership. If you have a heartbeat and testicles* you're definitely the kind of man we want! If you're interested in pocket protectors, acne medications and Math, then sign on up. We have a long-standing reputation as the last refuge of the incompetent. Find out how much fun a bunch of pimple faced virgins can have. Our Brothers are involved in all aspects of campus life, including President of the Mold, Spores and Fungus society and the Star Trek Fan Club. Remember, "If you can't Go Greek, Go GKE!"

*testicles are optional

Don't Forget, our Annual Party ,"Sausagefest'99," is only a few short weeks away. Get your tickets early, for the best kool-aid always goes first!

WARNING: When surfing the web for New York apartments, at Tribeca Pointe, you may actually get wet.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• Best River Views in New York City
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• On-Site Business Center (conference room, computers, fax and copier)
• 24 Hour Attended Lobby
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Studios / One Bedrooms / Two Bedrooms
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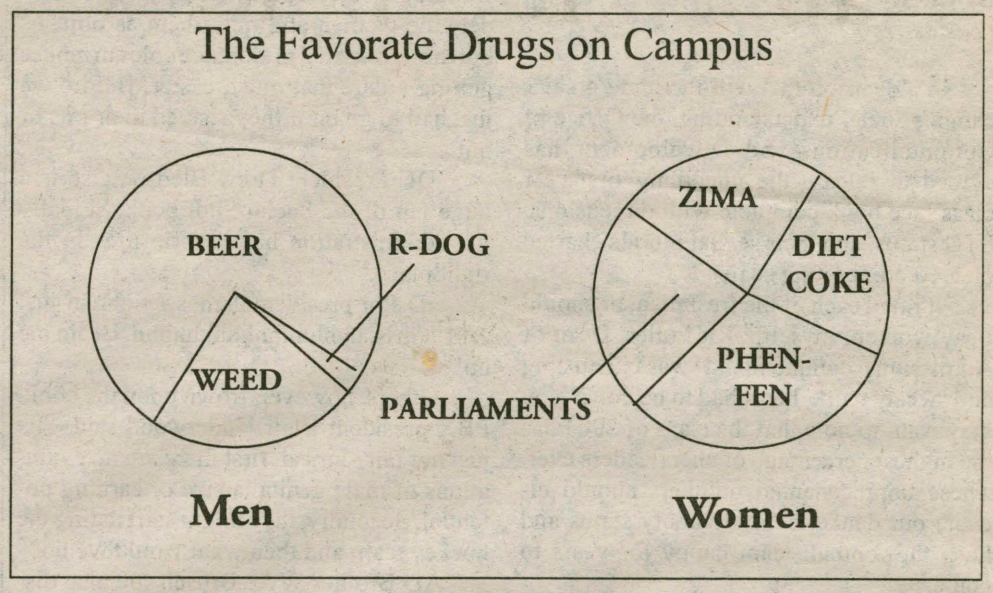
41 River Terrace
Where Chambers St. Meets the River
ROCKROSE

C.R.A.P releases report on Campus Alcohol Habits

This week, the Committee Responsible for Alcohol Policy (CRAP) released its report to the Hamilton Community on Alcohol Use and abuse among undergraduates. Among other data collected, the committee found that:

99% of the Hamilton Community admitted to having consumed at least one cheap domestic beer per weekend at a party
48% drove Ford Explorers while drunk
67% used alcohol to overcome their fear of "minorities"
56% use alcohol to calm themselves if they don't have a North Face fleece or a pair of black pants to wear on a Saturday night
79% used alcohol as a way to create a sexual situation, while 21% are still virgins
36% consider Utica Club a gateway beer, leading to such brews as Natty Ice and Old Mill
86% feel alcohol contributed to the theft of their black fleece
47% use beer to "unwind" after a hard day of being elitist pricks
83% consider Absolut Citron a good source of vitamin C and Folate
1% don't drink because of peer pressure
4% of Women and 96% of men consider the other sex more attractive when drunk
97% of freshmen girls find shots of Malibu better than shots of semen
86% of freshman girls find shots of semen after shots of Malibu
76% of students have attended a class while under the influence of a controlled substance
78% of students have attended a class
24% of students have attempted to derive a "high" from paint chips, white out, Comet and Marge's Perfume.
3% of students have drunk an alcoholic beverage at the Little Pub
56% of students go to Club DU under the influence of alcohol for the Bronx Zoo-like atmosphere
38% of Clinton High School students drink on campus, they all join Chi Psi.
100% of students feel Alcohol is integral to fun on campus
0% have fun at CAB events while sober.



CRAP will use the findings to formulate a Residential Life decision. The committee is convinced that the students will happily follow the recommendation to remove alcohol without protest. As an alternative, Quaaludes and thorazine will be introduced into the water supply.

AIDS HiKE FOR LIFE
5K Fundraising Walk
Benefiting AIDS Community Resources
Serving the Central, Northern and Mohawk Valley Regions of NY
Sunday May 2, 1999
Rain or Shine
Hamilton College
Registration 9:30 AM
AIDS Hike for Life begins at 11 AM
Call 800-475-2430
E-mail spprojacr@juno.com
FOX 33
PHILIPS

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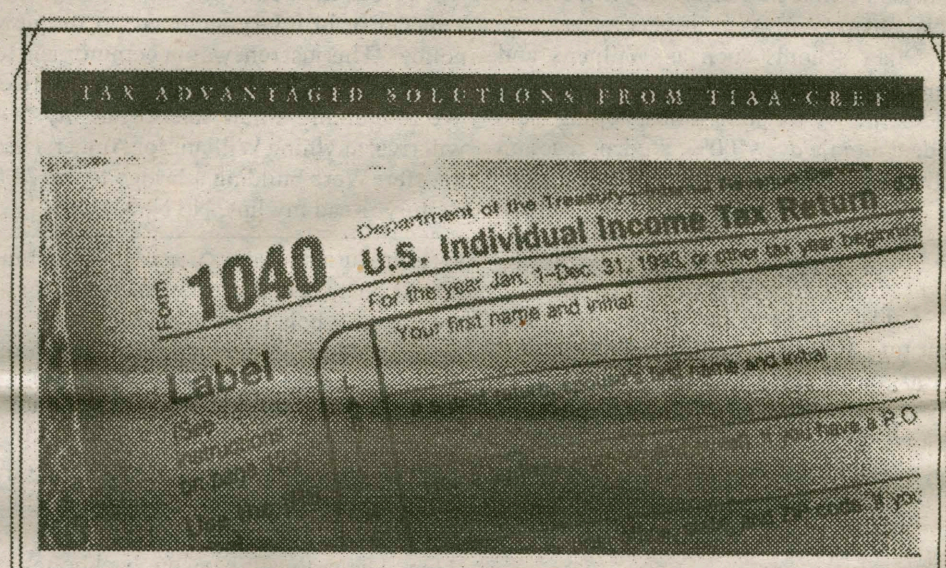

UNFORTUNATELY, THIS IS WHERE PEOPLE ARE PUTTING TOO MANY RETIREMENT DOLLARS.

Every year, a lot of people make a huge mistake on their taxes. They wind up sending Uncle Sam money they could be saving for retirement.

Fortunately, that's a mistake you can avoid with SRAs—tax-deferred annuities from TIAA-CREF. SRAs not only ease your current tax bite, they offer an easy way to build retirement income—especially for the "extras" that your pension and Social Security benefits may not cover. Because your contributions are made in pretax dollars, you pay less in taxes now. And since earnings on your SRAs are tax deferred, your money works even harder for you.

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Trapped in a hole; waiting to die

Benny Zoll

They Call Him

With all the bad talk going around about Hamilton, I felt it only fair if someone stuck up for our fine institution, and what better way to do that than writing for our fine, respected Sigtator on this most revered first of April.

Frankly, I couldn't imagine a more wonderful way to spend four years than at Hamilton. As a senior, I have seen our wonderful institution dramatically transformed from a place of "fun" to a good solid place of work. To hell with those who would have a nearby city, more accessible bars, and better culture. I prefer the humble life of an Eskimo, basking in the filtered grey light from cloudy skies, occasionally killing a seal for food.

And isn't closet drinking much better (let alone healthier) than open social drinking? For one, you polish off a lot more booze that way, and for another, there's more for you, less for everyone else. Isn't that the definition of community? Boozing alone?

The housing options are even better than the social ones. With half of next year's class planning on living in the glen or Utica public housing, the options for upperclassmen have increased dramatically-except for sophomores, who deserve what they get. But we seniors and juniors are allowed to enjoy the wide rainbow encompassing everything from a single in North to a single in Minor. The variety! The sheer numbers!

Speaking of numbers, I am quite glad that my parents had to shell out more than 100 grand for me to experience these things! Sure, some people argue that jail is cheaper, and there are more social options, but nothing beats a good old Hamilton shanking. And frankly, jail life seems to be a little bit relaxed compared to Hamilton. You don't have to move cells every nine months, you don't get a taste of the real world every so often, and you don't pay any money to live there.

Of course Jail life has its perks, but so does Hamilton! You get to enjoy many different classes on subjects such as "Womyn yn Ancyent Pago-pago," "Cultural Development of the Wombat," and "Transgendered Warriors in Medieval Finland" to eventually become an investment banker or lawyer, drive a chintzy sports car, and have three wives (or husbands) before you settle down with that Mail-order bride from Cambodia.

I can't get enough Bon Appetit food, either. I will never tire of Tofu Burritos, Enchanted Broccoli Forest, and other dishes which I have never encountered outside of Hamilton. When will the rest of the world wake up to the beauty of Grade D chicken, generic Coco Puffs, and stale bagels?

Of course, if I don't feel like eating Bon Appetit for some strange reason, I can always order a steaming hot slice from Romas, complete with Bleu Cheese (aged for that tangy goodness). Or I could order a Tony's pizza, save the grease, and sell it to the rendering plant at a hefty profit.

If there is a better way to put on weight than binge closet drinking combined with oily food and pizza, then it could only be leading the amazingly sedentary life we have at Hamilton. Who needs to walk, when your destinations are conveniently boring! Why should I walk all the way across campus to get to the Science building? There's nothing going on there that isn't going on in my room. And thanks to the nixing of the Great Names and our "big-name band," I have nothing to worry about planning for.

But how could I stop there! Hamilton teaches you so many other things, like how to perform oral sex for better grades, how to deceive police and local authorities by using your filthy rich parents, and, of course, the most effective way to knock over a streetlight. These skills that will come in handy when I become a celebrity and need to reach a plea bargin regarding the seven drunk and disorderly charges along with four charges of possession of contraband.

Hamilton is full of do-it-yourself spirit. The broken blinds that Physical Plant refuses to fix in my room have led to a fun fixer-upper project. The inability to park within ten thousand feet of any dormitory make moving a fun experience. Beating a tow-truck gives you a great goal to shoot for.

And the administration, with its reckless "We don't give a damn as long as you give us money and follow our rules" spirit can't help but inspire the student body to new levels of apathy. Is apathy bad? Of course not! Why care about anything as long as you are getting paid? Do you really have a qualm with starting a multi-national and exploiting citizens of other countries?

Hamilton's new policy of reducing International Student funding is sure to reduce the chances of understanding other cultures. Personally I'm looking forward to my shot at making a few mil so I can get a new dormitory named after myself on campus. I'd have to inspect the building plans before hand, of course, to ensure that the students had such amenities as waffled ceilings and 20 watt light bulbs.

Frankly, I'm glad that I developed like I did at Hamilton. Granted, I can't cook for myself, and I probably wouldn't recognize real food when I saw it, but I enjoyed my stint at one of America's greatest institutions of higher profits. I can stride into the corporate world, ready to make money and buy a sports car. My heart is almost hardened into a piece of black coal; I just need to start smoking cigarettes again and spend more time developing my intolerence like I have at Hamilton. I haven't had the urge to climb up the Chapel with my scoped rifle yet, so count your blessings as well.

Up & Down THUMBS

Compiled by Baz Lehrman & Madeli ne L'Engle

Nuclear winter

Drunk frat guys breaking stuff

Jones - in the NAVY now

Professors getting wasted

flip-flops

the night already belongs to Michelob

Neo-nazism in the security office

Armed security guards over 80

Drained ATM accounts

No cigarette machine on campus

SPECTATOR INDEX

Compiled by Nellie the Golden Retriever

Admissions Statistics: Class of '03

Percentage of students who were a captian of a high school sports team:
83

Percentage of students who were members of the Homecoming court or Prom royalty:
36

Percentage of students who were/are in a real band (i.e. non-school affiliated):
16

Percentage of students entering college as virgins:
3

Percent chance of rain tomorrow:
100

SOURCES: HEAG, JOHN'S PHONE CALLS AND SKETCH, THE GUY ON THE COUCH, A MAN NAMED GOO, A BOY NAMED BLOO, DEFINITELY NOT JENNY, PROBABLY ONE OF HER COHORTS, GOMER PYLE, GROVER, GROVER CLEVELAND, CLEVELAND OHIO, YOUR MAMA, MY MAMA, ARE YOU READING THIS? YOU'RE CRAZIER THAN WE ARE, ALSO A LITTLE DUCK NAMED FREDDIE TOLD ME ABOUT THE WHOLE IDEA IN THE FIRST PLACE, APPARENTLY THE SCHOOL INVITED HIM TO TALK ABOUT ANTARTICA, AND THEY ACTUALLY BILLED HIM FOR THE WATER. HE GOT MAD AND CALLED UP THIS OTHER PENGUIN HE KNEW NAMED ESTHER. SHE COULD KICK SOME SERIOUS BUTT, AND TORE SOME STUFF UP IN MCEWEN. I WALKED IN TO GET STIRFRY AND THESE TWO CHEFS ARE CHASING A DUCK AND A PENGIUN. WEIRD, EH?

ODE TO DEBBY QUAIL

I.T.S. has an enigma named Debby Quail
Who patrols all the mass campus e-mail.

When the server goes down
She types, "Now don't frown"-

"Yes the system was all a-fray,
but everything will be a-o-kay."

Is she a conspiracy; is she even real?
Or just hiding in Kheen, with a vegetarian meal?

Is her husband Dan? Does her hair go flip-O?
If she was put on the spot, could she spell potato?

But be careful, beware,
Write your messages with care,

I learned about mass email the hard way,
That although Debby giveth, she taketh away.

All I said was that someone forgot their lights
Its not like I lost a pair of fleece tights-

I had to do something; I had to at least try
Should I just have let their battery die?

The next day in my inbox, Debby left a reply
That my message did not with the rules comply,

And although she admitted the deed was nice
She said I would have to pay a stiff price...

"For one month you are off the list-serv,
Email is a privilege that you don't deserve!"

So announcements and health tips no more,
Now I throw my dirty tissues on the floor.

But I'm not complaining, it's really no big strife
Because if I read all those messages I would have no life.

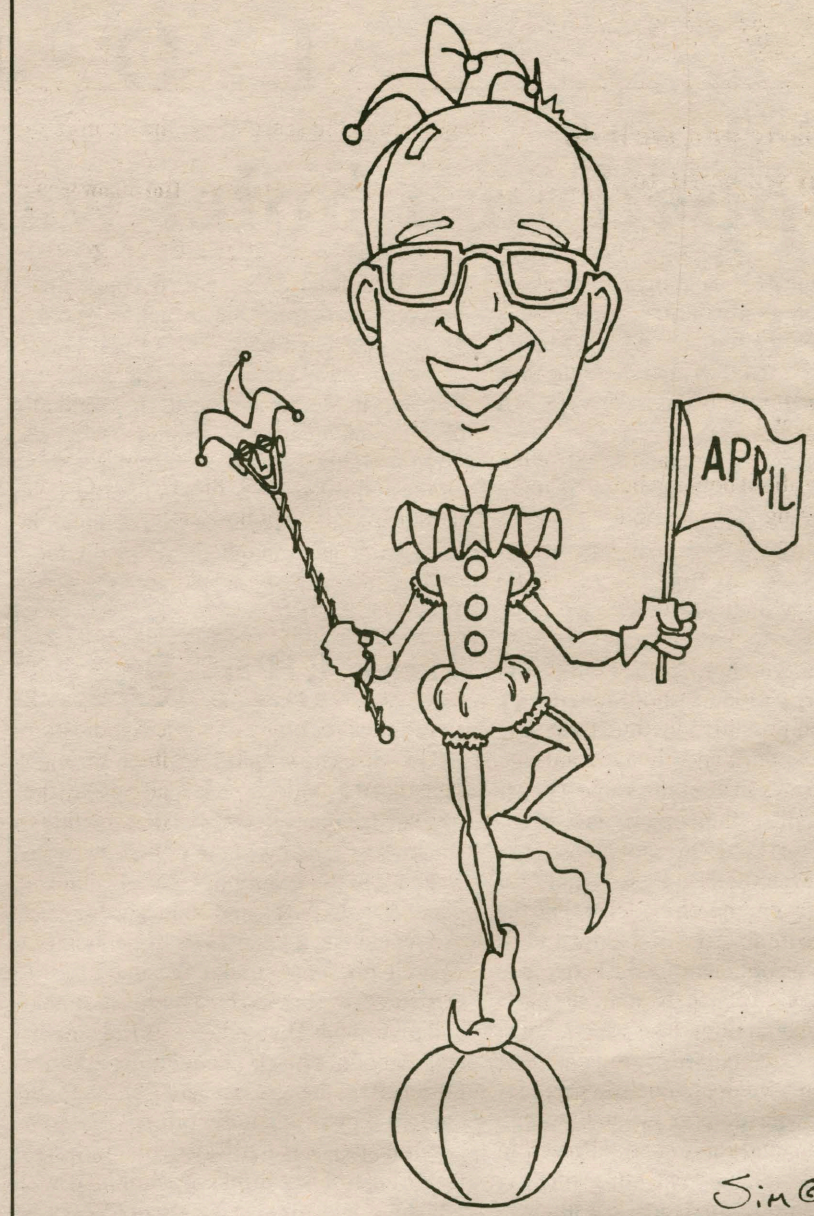
-Jean Baiardi

Editorial

The Spectator would like to use its voice this week to thank the Trustees of Hamilton College for continuing to protect us from the dangers of the outside world. In order to continue on this path, we feel that Hamilton would be well served by the construction of a biosphere around the hill. We would then be completely protected from the influences of evil temptations in the outside world. Students get all their drugs, hard alcohol, and other distractions from off-campus. We could create the ideal society within our dome, and only allow the things that college students can handle being exposed to.

There would need to be a minimall, perhaps in the present location of the Emerson Literary Society House, for the shopping convenience of biosphere residents. The mall would include a 24 hour convenience store, a video rental store, clothing stores, and anything else advertised in television commercials. As far as television itself goes, the college would operate its own special cable service, offering only news that is at least two months old, so that students won't need to worry about their perfect world being ended by any events outside the bubble. A special college internet service would provide access to only educational sites, and not to sites that portray things that are not available on campus, such as privately owned or privately leased housing, pornography, and working class people.

To make the environment as enjoyable and efficient as possible, the biosphere could be used to control the weather at Hamilton, and all members of the community could use only Hamilton College currency, so as to eliminate further possibility of contamination from outside. Every time a Hamilton student spends his or her Hamilton currency, he or she will feel the pride of knowing that the creators of that currency have also created a utopian arena of learning. With such a firm basis of secure living, Hamilton graduates will be well-prepared to conquer the world.



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Letters

STD has the answer

To the editor:

We the brothers of Sigma Tau Delta would like to personally thank the Trustees of Hamilton College for pilfering and remodeling what was once our house of fraternal ecstacy. The STD house looks fabulous! The building now reaps the benefits of several campus maintenence programs that we were once denied. The custodial staff works very hard to keep our house decontaminated (although the dirtiness never seems to go away). We now sleep easily knowing that all of our needs will be addressed.

We are soothed by the thought that our sense of community will remain strong as we make plans to attend the Turtle String Quartet in Wellin Hall with Kool-Aid and cookies. We, the brothers of STD, are full supporters of the Res-Life decision, and we believe that no one at Hamilton College will truly be happy until they have all lived in the same big room with a thousand bunk beds. This way, we will truly understand the words "community" and possibly "orgy."

As STD brothers, we fully support the school's program of communal living and sex, and we feel that the president of the college should have the ability to sleep with whoever he wants to, much the way that medieval lords had the same privledge. Sexual deviancy, as STD brothers can attest to, is not the answer, unless you define large orgies as sexual deviancy, in which case it IS the answer.

Sigma Tau Delta

Can you please say 'hi' to me?

When I walked down Martin's Way yesterday, I noticed something of deep concern to myself and many others at Hamilton. It seems, despite my warm greetings, that not everyone going to class that morning at 8:55 AM was interested in my well-being. Sounds impossible, right?

I expect everyone to genuinely be interested in myself as a person. Granted, I am healthy and extremely happy, as I would tell you upon inquiry. But living in our community, I would anticipate that everyone would treat me as a brother or sister. Is our college becoming so non-proactive that our own students could actually be unconcerned with the lives of fellow scholars?

Maybe I'm too nice, maybe I think people are too nice. But I know that many members of our community feel just like me, and they believe that Hamilton students should share everything with everyone. That is the only true way to become a community, and we should strive to achieve those goals as they are set forth in our charter. Long live the people.

Jeffrey Heegth '99

The Editorial represents the opinion of a majority of The Spectator *Editorial Board. The Hamilton College* Spectator, *publication number USPS 612-840, is published weekly by the Hamilton College Student Publications Board while classes are in session. Subscriptions are $60 per year, or $30 per semester. Our offices are located on the third floor of Bristol Campus Center. The deadline for personals, letters, and advertisements is Tuesday the week of publication. For further information, please call (315) 859-4100 or e-mail to "spec@hamilton.edu".*

LETTERS

It's our party and we'll do what we want to

To the editor:

So, I am writing in representation of the former sisters of Phi Beta Chi . We want to urge students to watch our appearance on 20/20 when we are going to talk about sorority hazing on college campuses. It will be on next Wednesday at 10:00pm on your local ABC affiliate.

We will talk about both the benefits and downfalls of hazing. The thing is though, like, we can't figure out if there are more benefits or downfalls so our overall opinion on this matter is as unclear as our tan lines.

First of all, it is important to get enough quality girls to suit your every need. Like in our case, we try to find as many lovers of daddy's money as possible. Pledges treat us as we always have been and always want to be treated. Like our s*it does not stink--(you know what though-it smells really bad-just the other day my girlfriend dropped a steamer that must have been brewing for weeks). Good pledges also are the key to meeting freshman boys that you can manipulate into buying you dinner and cigarettes and handing you your towel after you step off the stairmaster. If you let them borrow the car, they usually don't complain.

Oh yeah, back to this 20/20 thing coming. It will not focus on what I just touched upon because we do not want to appear like a bunch of airheads. The episode will instead pinpoint what aspects of pledging a sorority like ours is a practical farm team for the wealthy soccer moms of tomorrow. We are committed to looking our very best as our success depends much upon what's new in the Abercrombie catalogue. We would love for you to tune in on Wednesday for a chance to go behind the scenes with the swans.

Mary Sue Hornblower '99

Yet another reason not to go on Alternative Spring Break

To the editor:

The Hamilton College health center has issued a state of emergency in conjunction with the Utica chapter of the Center for Disease Control. Any student experiencing nausea should contact the Health Center immediately. Do not hesitate!

A plague has swept the community. Members of an Alternative Spring Break trip to the wilds of West Virginia experienced to epidemic first hand. The HAVOC members attribute the sickness to an unscheduled trip into a coal mine. The group leader was bitten by a rabid bat cultivated by the Syndicate.

The disease was transmitted through various "trust building" exercises that the group was forced to undergo. Steve Guditas, a member of the expedition that went to West Virginia to build homes for hillbillies living in trucks, was quoted in the hospital as saying "Field of trips have gone home." When asked to clarify, he responded that the electric yellow had seized his brain banana.

Senior Alex Los asked Cara Rosenberg '99 if she was a nurse several times before fainting. Rosenberg used Los's unconcious body as a brace for a house frame, reporting that "except for that nail gun mishap, everything is going as Oh &$%! Look out!"

The students were chased out of West Virginia by angry rabid hillbillies. A quarantine is in effect until the end of school. This means that students will be confined to their dorms with nothing to do. When asked how he would react to such circumstances, Steve Davis '99.5 responded "Egad! Such is fate." Until you hear from the Health Center or the CDC, don't go anywhere, and for the love of god, don't drink the water.

Lucille McDermott
Director of Student Health Services

Think of the children

Dear Editor:

When I brought my son back to campus at the beginning of this week after a spring break during which we avoided any undue overstimulation, I was shocked at the dangerous setting into which I was releasing him. When I arrived to drop my son off in his dormitory, his Resident Advisor was not even in her room to watch over him after I left. I waited for four hours for a supervisor to arrive, and ended up having to sleep on a cot of blankets on the floor of his room for the night.

In the morning, I was even more shocked to discover that women were expected to shower in the same bathroom that my son used for bathing. Upon further investigation into the state of affairs at your college, I discovered from the Student Handbook that there isn't even a comprehensive dress code in place at Hamilton College, and that students are even allowed to consume alcoholic beverages on campus, some sold by the college itself!

I have contacted the Dean of Students office and requested that I be given daily updates on my son's health, diet, academic progress and emotional state. In order to prevent your child from going through any of the unsupervised activities that all of us suffered from when we were in college I urge all other parents to do the same.

Sincerely,
Gwendolyn Good P'02

Saddened by Sigtator; kudos to the new Hamilton 'zine

Dear Editor,

I am deeply concerned with something I have been hearing over and over around campus. Although I dare not call myself a member, it angers and perturbs me nonetheless that students frequently refer to The Spectator as the 'Sigtator'. To my knowledge, there are no active brothers of Sigma Phi that either edit or write for the publication. I have a friend on the staff who comes to me very emotional on a weekly basis, for he feels like his work is not taken seriously because everyone thinks it's a Sig paper. Now, this is a serious concern. Why, people, must we generalize and make up nicknames for everything? Why must we detract from the honest effort put forth by the whole staff when they are not members of any societies whatsoever? I am saddened. My friends are saddened. I wish I knew how to solve this, a very serious matter indeed.

Furthermore: to that interesting, progressive young man starting his own magazine... I support you whole-heartedly! It's a great idea, man. I mean it. Not editing articles, taking anything people send you including stuff that's not good enough to get in the Spectator. I am proud of you for ignoring the notion that you desire what some call 'sloppy seconds'. That takes balls (ovaries). Wow, that my friend is student activism in it's finest. I wish you all the best in the world.

Michael MacGoggler '00
Independent

p.s Give the paper some credit, they now even have four woman Editors, and most of the Copy Editors are female as well.

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BEWARE OF THE MYSTICAL PIXIES AND UNICORNS THAT LIVE IN THE GLEN...

Exclusive results of Spectator campus poll on stuff

By Evan Frankel '01
Society and Culture Editor

It has been found through an excessive campus-wide polling many very interesting facts concerning the status of the Hamilton community...Actually, nothing of the sort will be published, nope no elaborate scheme of an April Fool's Day prank. But something more prank-like and less like an annoying "I told you so" situation. To lay a prank that would be satisfactory to the paper and to myself, I did the only imaginable thing. Lied.

After spending the whole week up until Thursday telling the whole staff that I had planned a long elaborate list of articles in which were going to be submitted for this week's paper, a panic flashed across their eyes. Could it be true that this section, this Society and Culture section of the newspaper put out anything that extensive in one paper? Could the Spring Break layoff have effected the editor to become incredibly studious and organized? No longer would this section of the paper be riddled with borderline articles with little to no weekly continuity. Well, the joke's on them! There was no preparation, no planning, merely the same ambling effort that has become such a trademark in this section's history.

I know have all the apportioned space to do whatever I want, with no possible repercussions. I mean, this paper is scattered with lies and accusational tomfoolery, so here I am to my humble page and a half of empty space to toy with.

So, I do what should be done. Something that is both an April Fool's joke and a terribly real probem that could potentially change our country and our life. In all of the injustice that is in the world, how can one person support an action that will not protect against the prospect of future injustice?

Don't send our troops to Belgrade!

This may not represent the views of the Spectator staff, but it is April Fool's day, so don't believe everything you

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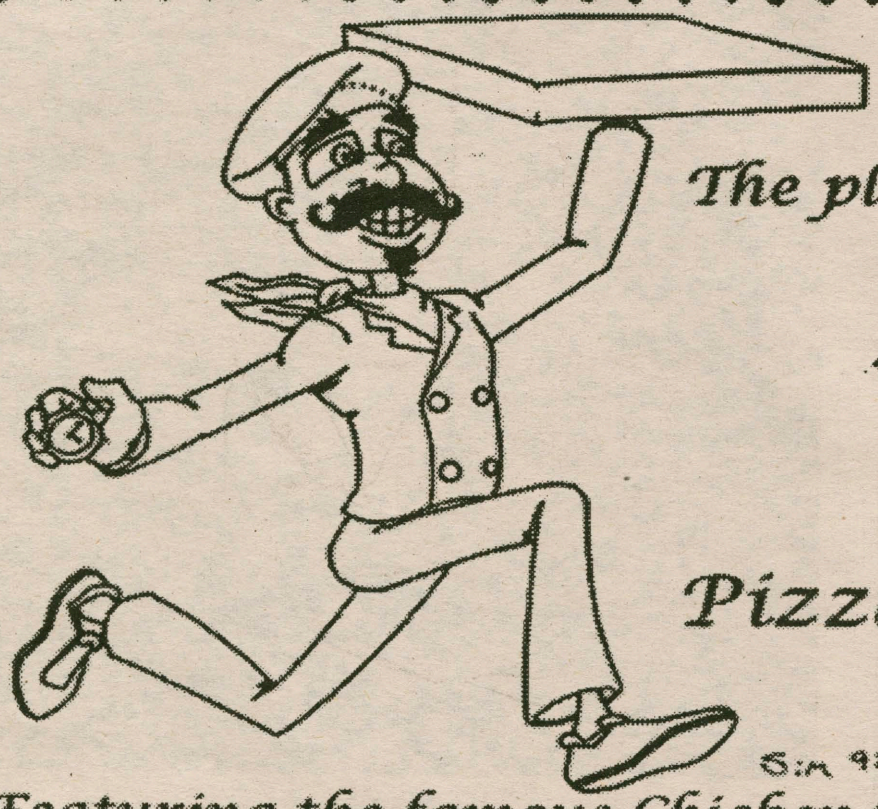

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Spring festival to include local music & fraternities

By Evan Frankel '01
Society and Culture Editor

This week and this week only Hamilton students have the great pleasure of getting the first tickets to the annual Spring time concert festival. Proclaimed by Rolling Stone as "the pre-eminent rock concert in the land."

Without this two-day event that hosts upwards of thirty different acts, the Hamilton music scene would be non-existent. This year there is a long list of headlining bands that include Lars Teton's band, Stuff-down Berry, The Snot-Rockets, and Gyrating Mongrel. Last years stars included a little band from Burlington, a college band from Athens, and the resurrection of a legend and the emergence of some west-coast styles.

The turn around in Hamilton's music scene is based in the construction of an outside ampitheatre and the donation of sizeable proportions to the music department.

By siphoning the money away from the student run organizations and collecting it within the school has reduced the amount of poor planning and waste. The creation of this music fest has spurred many replica designs all around the country. In just the past two years, most major colleges have created similar events. A music festival that lasts over the course of a few days is as popular as acclaimed guest speakers.

It has come to the attention of the Spectator staff that many students plan to sleep out front of the ticket booth in order to maintain that you receive your maximum allotments of tickets, (Five) Although the school maintains that we should not condone this type of behavior, we are taking the proper measures to in order a safe transaction. Drinks and snacks are going to be available in our office throughout the night.

It has really been comforting to know that there has been such a movement to incorporate great art into the education here at Hamilton. By supporting a cause that both enriches the mind of the student while ensuring clean, safe, fun in an outdoor environment, this community has changed all for the better. No longer do we have to be visitors to friends out of town, but instead, hosts right here in Clinton.

The answer to most, if not all social woes on this campus have been eliminated all by the creation of this festival. All students take an active part in making sure that its interests are being considered while people attend the shows. The support of the students, faculty, and all organizations has built the importance to this event to the Hill to an incomprehensible level.

If only one could remember the ones who conjured up this idea, and meet them, if only to shake their hand and say, "Thank you. For the wonderful thing you did for our school."

Notwithstanding five years ago in which it began to flurry during the second set of the festival, the weather for the festival has always been incredibly pleasant. Even when the mercury drops down, no one has complained about splitting a blanket with an attractive friend.

Just last year, I got the chance to follow last year's spring festival swing and preview what other colleges are doing to keep up with Hamilton and it's groundbreaking campus activities.

By converting the some open space in the vast amount of land that Hamilton has into a new-age ampitheature, we have shownour technological and ecological advancement.

By using the natural curvature of the land and the formation of the trees with minimal construction there is enough room for approximately thirty-thousand people to comfortably enjoyable the festival. Including the adjacent Minor field, there is seventy five acres of land solely dedicated to the festival's events.

By using the administration's recent laws in their own favor, the fraternities have gotten into the festival spirit by setting up "tent palaces" in order to house their parties and social events.

In no way can one even fathom what this campus was like just a few years back when this campus was plagued with non-alcoholic social spaces and useless pavillions. It would never have occured to anyone to think that the part-time regime of President Schwartz would end up as a six year term that would redefine this now heralded institution.

Tickets go on sale to the public on Wednesday, at eighty-thirty in the morning. Although last years show sold out in four hours, Ticketmaster says they are ready for the orders over the computer.

Obviously, this is a farce. But the moral to the story is not that "we need more Bort license plates." but that who knows what the future can hold, but one thing is for sure, it will affect you.

Don't miss next week's edition, it may be the last

Horoscopes

By Bort Sampson
Spectator Astrologer

Aries
(Mar 21- Apr 20)
It's your turn to shine sweetie. If only you didn't go get all sunburnt over break. Your secret friend likes you looking natural. Wipe mayo on your face to hid the change.

Taurus
(Apr 21- May 21)
It has been too long of a winter for you, it's time to get outside. Just don't hide in the trees, it is mating season for deer and your deodorant will make them all excited.

Gemini
(May 22- Jun 21)
Open your windows and enjoy the springtime breeze. You know you need it, the dust behind your ears is not ash. Join in a game of hopscotch, or something calmer like climbing trees.

Cancer
(Jun 22- Jul 22)
It is about time for you to kiss your friends goodbye. I haven't recieved a clear picture but you are leaving for a while, failing, vacation, or death so pack your bags.

Leo
(Jul 23- Aug 23)
Buy a journal. Just tell all your friends you are writing a book and show them the book. They will be nice to you and you don't even have to write anything, no one pisses off the person writing a book.

Virgo
(Aug 24- Sep 23)
Stop worrying, it is true, everyone IS looking at you and you have something fierce coming off you face and I can't help.

Libra
(Sep 24- Oct 23)
Stop smelling your shoes, it's not good for your senses. It is a shock to your system. Try drinking shower water, now that will get you all loopy.

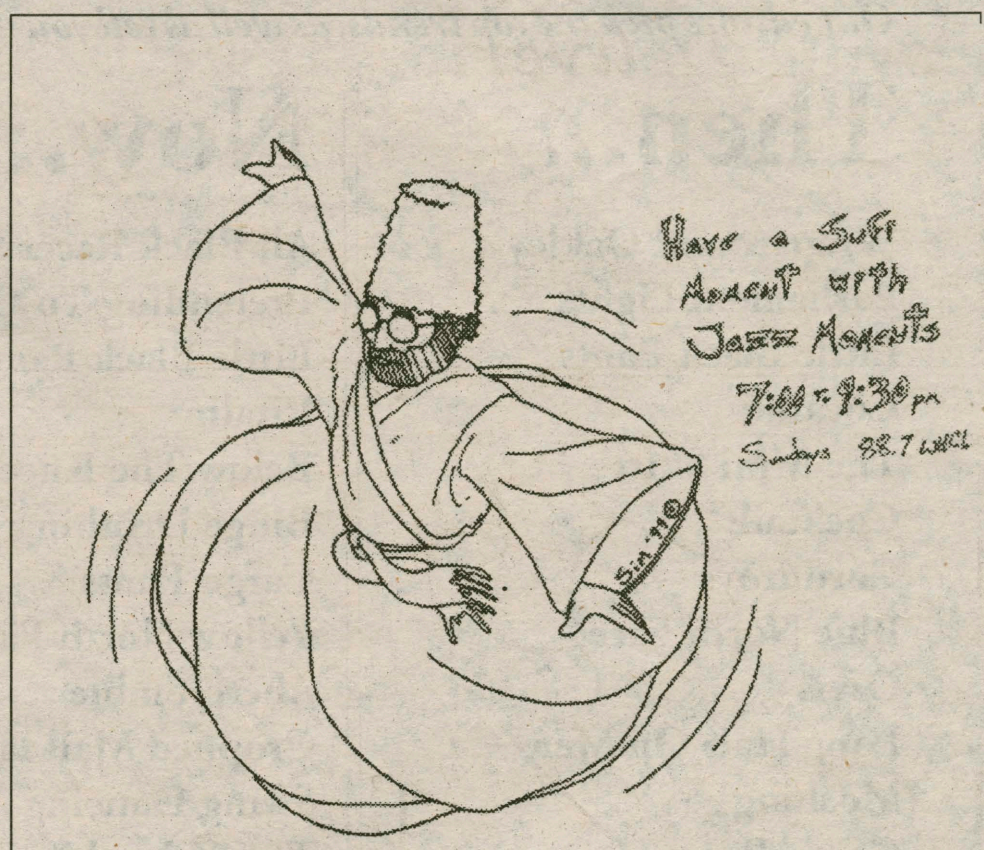
Scorpio
(Oct 24- Nov 22)
Hungry? Me too. That's irrelevant though. As for you, just keep the status quo alive, you have been doing really well of late, just whatever you do, don't push it, it'll break.

Sagittarius
(Nov 23- Dec 21)
Go buy a goldfish. Not only are they great companions and the only pets allowed by the school, they can also be a source of sustainance if need be. Hey, in your life, you never know.

Capricorn
(Dec 22- Jan 20)
Next time you are in a fight. Bite them. It is an underused defense and will gain you some well deserved respect. And don't worry, odds are you won't get sick.

Aquarius
(Jan 21- Feb 19)
Stop talking to your pillow. It doesn't talk back, or like you. And to top it off, it is really starting to smell bad. Get a friend, they are good.

Pisces
(Feb 20- Mar 20)
You haven't had your fill of snow yet, don't hide it. Just go to a small left-over patch and roll around in it. It'll feel good and satisfy your hunger to always be different.



SPECTATOR

FASHION

Fashion trends and the rise of postmodernism

By Dan McAllister
Fashion Editor

It's been a bad year for tradition: Goldman Sachs is going public, Dartmouth banned frats and the world is going to hell in a handbasket. So naturally I didn't exactly choke on my oyster crackers when I read in last week's *New Yorker* that the venerable house of Brooks Brothers had begun to employ some sort of electronic body imaging device to make custom made suits that may become the most precise fitting suits ever. This is an attempt to become more like the newer, sleeker, continental designers. Further, the article said, this was just the beginning of ploys and gimmicks that the company was using to attract a new customer base.

But what of the old customer base? For many years, my father was the president of a bank in Maine, and so I know a bit about the fashion tastes of the New England executive set, the traditional Brooks customer. An ill-fitting, threadbare suit is something of a status symbol in the richer-you-are-the-shabbier-you-dress milieu. The finest example I ever knew of this was a family from New Jersey. They had several ancestors on the Mayflower, and their name took up several pages on the Social Register, they even had a mountain named after them, but not one of them ever wore matching socks. What fine cuisine was served at the Christmas dinner of such a privileged family (with governor Whitman in attendance)? Grilled cheese sandwiches.

Anyway, the point is that these types of people would sooner wear a Gucci thong around Vineyard Haven than wear a suit that was electronically fitted. They had enough trouble accepting fiber glass as a construction material in a sailboat hull. I myself have worked at Brooks Brothers, and I remember all of the commotion when wall-to-wall carpeting was installed at the flagship store on Madison Ave. The old customer base would probably suffer cardiac arrest if the salesman started using electronica to size them up. (I mean that quite literally—God only knows what those things do to a pacemaker.)

One time, a matronly woman walked into my department and claimed she was the reason Brooks Brothers sold women's clothing. She reminded me of Gloria Vanderbilt, probably went to Bennington or Vassar, hung out with Jewish art connoisseurs and fancied herself something of a bohemian. She told of how she got this idea one day way back when to wear her son's tennis shorts, and then went in to buy some. She was the only woman in the place, and the dressing room doors at that time only went from the upper thigh to the shoulders, so many a crusty old lawyer did a double take at her exposed legs and shoulders.

Other women caught on, she said, and eventually Brooks introduced a line of women's clothing, which, as everyone knows, is exactly the same as their men's lines, only they are cut to fit the female body. This stride toward gender equity drove out some of the old guard who preferred the clubbiness of an all male store, which they found, and you can still find today, in Brooks's next door neighbor to the west, J. Press. The subsequent introduction of two button jackets, pleated trousers and synthetic fabrics drove even more people away and now the oldest clothing store in the New World was faced with an identity crisis. Would it woo back the ever shrinking old school or court the more plebeian tastes of the younger executive and the non-taste of the *nouveau riche*? When stores began opening in New Jersey shopping malls, we all knew the answer to that question.

The New Yorker article went on to explain how competitor companies like Ralph Lauren and Tommy Hilfiger have edged out Brooks Brothers because they have artificial histories, which they can change at will to suit the whims on their clientele. Brooks Brothers's *actual* distinguished history has proved to be a liability. Though they invented the camel hair coat, the seersucker suit, the sack suit and other staples of American style, Brooks has tried to pretend that they are pretending to have a history. Talk about a postmodern twist of irony! I'm no Roland Barthes, but herein lies the joy of following the fashion world. One can truly see to what extent philosophical movements have infiltrated the culture at large.

Last year, when Brett "The Hitman" Heart was defending his WWF title belt in his native Canada, tension was in the air. An entire stadium of Canadians, people whose lives and culture have been adumbrated by their neighbors to the south for decades, looked on in outrage as Heart's American opponent (whose wrestling persona happens to be gay) laid out a Canadian flag and simulated sexual activity with the flag. The support for Heart was universal, unanimous and rousing. The hometown boy was defending Canada's reputation against an American, no, a gay American, no, a gay American *who has desecrated the flag!* What was amazing about this war of good and evil was that the entire thing was fixed! Someone knew from the beginning who would win, and everyone watching knew this, but in the postmodern world it doesn't matter. Hans-Georg Gadamer taught us that by reading a history of ancient Rome we can learn far more about the culture that produced the history than about ancient Rome itself. Yes, history is hermaneutical and, in the words of Henry Ford, bunk. If we realize this, i.e.—that history is interpretive, then we can choose our own interpretations, and this is what savvy fashion designers have done. More importantly, if history is fiction, than can not the present be as well? In the postmodern world, you can choose your own history and choose your own reality, as Brooks Brothers is currently struggling to do.

What's Hot, What's Not

Our editors pick the top trends, as well as tell you what to avoid.

Then...

Wraparound Oakley's
Parliament Lights
Little Black Pants
Cocaine
The Mini Skirt
Cocktails
Corduroys
Blue North Face
Orvis
Long Hair On Men
Moshing
Go-go Boot
Backpack
Vintage '60's
Vodka
German Cars
Flashy Style

Now...

All Black Racer Shades
Pretending To Quit
Little Black Pants
Ritalin
Below The Knee Knickers
Binge Drinking
Cargo Pants
Yellow North Face
Abercrombie
Cropped Mall Hair
Swing Dancing
The "Chunk"
Shoulder Bag
Vintage '70's
Whiskey
SUV's
Hyper Utility

An open letter to those who love fashion...

In a few short weeks, we, the intrepid fashion editors, will, unfortunately, be leaving our beloved H.C. Dan will be working on a new autobiography, "Me...Me...Me, My Life as Told to Tom Wolfe." Kristen will be taking on the post of Fashion Editor at *Vanity Fair*. All should be warned, however, to keep an eye out for our soon to be published fashion monthly, *Spirito di Bella*.

Anyway, the point of all this is that we wish not to see the Fashion page die with our departure. Bringing spice, controversy, and, in the words of Arthur Schlessinger Jr., "a wit which I envy and try in vain to duplicate," the fashion section has brought more to Hamilton than simply sartorial advice.

We would like to take this occasion to announce an unpaid, one month internship with the fashion editors in both photographic and editorial journalism. Applicants should have completed at least one year of college, work well with others, and have impeccably divine taste. Please send a color photo of yourself in your favorite outfit with name and telephone extension printed on the back. After finalists are chosen, we will notify them by telephone and ask for resumes.

The internship will begin April 16 and end in mid May. If interested in taking the helm of fashion for Hamilton next year, prospective divas should apply for the internship or inquire directly to the editors at x0721.

Love, Dan and Kristen. XXX

Glenwood

Oneida Shopping Center
363-6422

THE MATRIX R
1:20, 4:10, 7:05, 9:45

THE OUT OF TOWNERS PG-13
12:50, 3:05, 4:55, 6:55, 8:50

ANALYZE THIS R
12:25, 2:45, 5:00, 7:10

10 THINGS I HATE PG-13
12:40 2:50, 5:05, 7:15, 9:20

ED TV PG-13
1:40, 4:20, 7:00, 9:30

DOUG'S FIRST MOVIE G
1:1O, 3:00, 4:50, 6:40, 8:30

MOD SQUAD R
1:30, 3:20, 5:20, 9:50

FORCES OF NATURE PG-13
12:45, 2:55, 5:05, 7:20, 9:35

TRUE CRIME R
9:25

THE KING AND I G
12:30

SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE R
2:20, 4:45, 7:05, 9:40

Hoyts Cinema 9

Hoyts Cinema 9: Sangertown.
797-2121

ANALYZE THIS R
WKND: 3:45, 6:35, 9:15

CRUEL INTENTIONS R
6:45

10 THINGS I HATE PG-13
12:00, 2:10, 4:30, 7:10, 9:40

THE OUT OF TOWNERS PG-13
12:10, 2:25, 4:40, 7:15, 9:50

THE MATRIX R
12:20, 3:30, 6:40, 9:35

DOUG'S FIRST MOVIE G
12:15, 2:15, 4:20, 6:50, 9:00

ED TV PG-13
12:30, 3:40, 6:30, 9:20

FORCES OF NATURE PG-13
12:50, 3:50, 7:05, 9:45

BABY GENIUSES PG-13
12:05, 2:20, 4:35

MOD SQUAD R
WKND: 11:50, 2:00, 4:15, 7:00, 9:30

TRUE CRIME R
9:10

THE KING AND I G
WKND: 12:40

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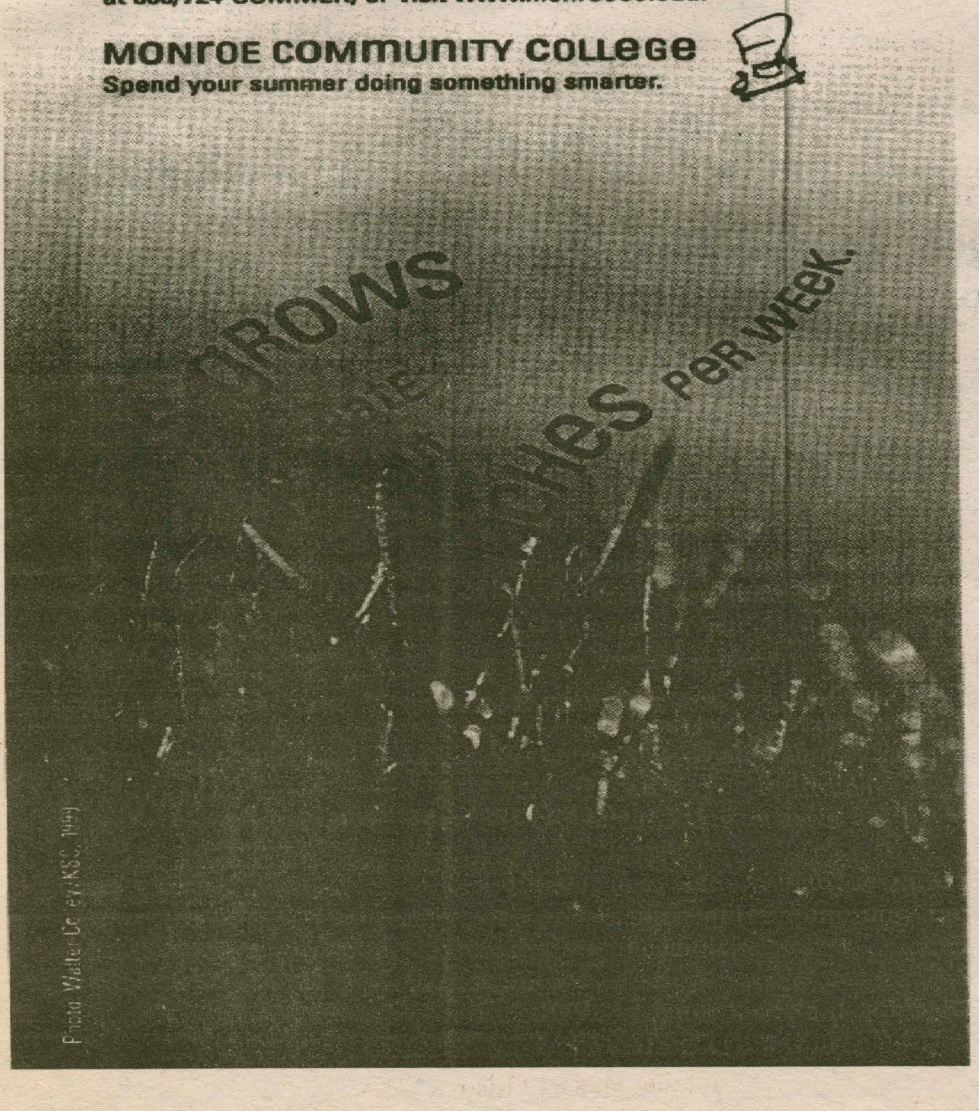

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Spectator
SPORTS

Men's Basketball wins first ever NCAA CROWN!!!

Team's momentum shifts after pugnacious, bench-clearing rumble

By Ridley Quaid '01
SPORTS JUNKY

For the first time in school history, the men's basketball won the NCAA Men's Basketball Championship. In a classic battle between two heavyweights (that made this writer think about classic battles from the past like UNLV against Duke), the Continentals defeated last year's champion, Wisconsin-Platteville, 115-113 in triple-overtime.

In a game that saw 27 lead changes and eight Hamilton players foul out, the Continentals battled back from deficits of 34-15 and 61-41, to outlast their physical opponents. The Continentals got off to a rocky start when senior forward Michael Schantz sprained his ankle late in the first half. With Schantz out, senior forward Mark Viviano came off the bench and was able to rally the team. Viviano managed only 4 points, but dished out 10 assists in his best game since high school.

"I was just so happy to get into the game that I didn't care if I scored," admitted Viviano. "To be honest with you, when I got the ball I was so stunned that I just passed it off to my teammates."

With Schantz out with an injury, the team looked to senior center Jon Schmiegel to pick up the slack. And with the Continentals down 38-25 at the half, the offense definitely was centered around him. But with sixteen minutes left in the game, Schmiegel and senior forward Max Stroman got into what became a bench-clearing brawl that stopped the game for fifteen minutes. The fight broke out when Schmiegel became tangled under the basket with Platteville junior guard Merrill Brunson. The two exchanged words, and this reporter heard Schmiegel yell at Brunson, "What the hell kind of school is Platteville? I'll kick your butt all the way back to Wantaugh [Long Island]."

At this point, the 6'2 Brunson spit in Schmiegel's face, which prompted Stroman to sucker punch Brunson, and then all hell broke loose. In total, eight Continentals were ejected and four Platteville players.

"Coach Murphy was yelling for us to stay on the bench, but we couldn't control ourselves," said senior forward Jeremy Deason, who was also ejected during the ruckus. "I ran off the bench and swung my towel and whacked one of their guys in the eye. I always knew that all that towel waving would come in handy one day."

With eight Hamilton players ejected and Schantz already injured, the Continentals were in big trouble. Enter senior center Peter Bishop. The 6'6 swingman came off the bench and dazzled the crowd with dunk after dunk after dunk. But the big man also rattled off three pointers and finished 5 of 7 from three-point range.

"I always knew Peter could dunk, but I never knew he could shoot the three," admitted Murphy, who had to be restrained during the earlier melee, which saw his son Brian ejected for throwing a chair. "Hell, if I knew Bishop could shoot the three like this I would have used him all season."

With the game tied at 87 at the end of the first overtime, and it tied at 100 at the end of the second, Murphy was pretty confident. "We always play well in high scoring games. I mean we can always score, but we can never stop anybody."

As Hamilton began the third overtime, they only had four players left, counting Schantz who hadn't played since early in the first half. So what did Hamilton do? Schantz was able to play, but only on the defensive end-ironic for Mike's last game. Schantz just hung back on defense, because he couldn't run up and down the court.

"I just did what coach told me to do," said Schantz, who has been given an invitation to the Boston Celtics rookie camp this summer. "I wanted to win this title so badly, and I was willing to do whatever we needed."

However, with the score tied at 106, sophomore guard Mike Harrison fouled out leaving the Continentals with four players, including Schantz. Murphy was not fazed as he looked to the crowd and yelled to a familiar face, "God damnit Kevin! Get down here now!"

Kevin Thorpe, who has been working in Washington D.C., was at the National Championship game in Virginia, and was ready to go. He had been designated Hamilton College's "in-transition player" after last season. Thorpe ran down from the stands and ripped his old number 22 jersey off guard Jimmy McCarthy, who now wears that number. McCarthy was forced to play the rest of the game wearing Schmiegel's jersey which hanging around his ankles.

Thorpe broke the 106-106 tie, by shooting a three-pointer, and he put the Continentals up for good. He also made a couple diving defensive players. He scored the last nine Hamilton points, and the Continentals went on to win the National Title 115-113. The historic battle will go down as the game of the century.

When the team arrived back in Clinton, Murphy stopped the bus at the bottom of the hill. He ordered guard Jimmy Driggs out of the bus and made him walk up the hill, because of a poor entry pass that led to a turnover early in the first half of the Semi-Final game. Some things never change!

Fantastic Voyage

Nikie Sarris
SPORTS WRITER

And you thought the women's hockey team had packed away its skates and called it quits for the year. No siree. The seniors decided they needed a last hoorah before anything came to an end. So there was a team meeting. The seniors and Coach Reece voted that the team would join MTV's Spring Break and make some moves off the ice. I really wasn't sure about the whole thing," Coach Reece confessed, "but the wad of Ben Franklins left on my desk convinced me that a little team partying never hurt anyone." Next came the negotiations. Lydia Heenan, Amy Williams, Stacy Tyksinski and Alexa Slaunwhite made a couple of special requests. MTV would have to pull some strings and work on a Rock n Jock ice hockey game. Of course the girls would expect playing time, but if Ben Affleck wanted to hog the ice, I doubt there would be any complaints. The only other thing the seniors were stressin was money. "So we got the sophomores to pay," Heenan said. "Well there's over 10 of them so it's not that bad. And the seniors have the whole team on a tight leash, so it was no big deal." "I'd donate a kidney to any one of them - a few hundred dollars is no big deal," sophomore Kristen Engster said casually. The only thing on the ladies' minds was a lot of sunshine, tasty beverages, and prepping for the most intense hockey game of their lives.

Coach Reece tried to psych up her team. "I want you to give 110% all 3 periods. I don't care if it's that time of the month, you think your stick is broken, or Sugar Ray checks you. We're national now." With tears in their eyes, the women boarded the plane that would take them to their ultimate destination of paradise: a blazing sun, tropical drinks, music giants and a game with the pros.

The first four days flew by filled with intimate team bonding and profound moments. Most were the result of numerous hangovers, but the girls denied any illegal activity. So I guess we'll have to trust them. The big day came and it was Hamilton facing off against some great names like Carson Daily, Marylin Manson, Ray Allen, Jennifer Love Hewitt and Mark Whalberg. Well there were a few more celebs but they laid low to let Hamilton have the spotlight.

In their trademark style the women skated on to the ice with confidence and pride. They were taking home the win, no questions asked. They skated the game of their lives, leaving Coach Reece speechless in the box.

Freshman Nell Solley and sophomore Harriet Lang stood out in the game, but no one could forget the outstanding performance of keeper Lorena Gonzalez, who blocked Wayne Gretsky's shots like it was her job. When it was all over Hamilton walked away with an 8-5 win. "The whole team came together to play the game of a lifetime. Even though Maggie Sayer was a bit rough and had to do some time in the penalty box, I was pleased with the pace of the game. The intensity was there," Coach Reece commented as VJ Jesse interviewed her.

The seniors couldn't have been any happier with their Spring Break bonanza. The whole team seemed to unite on and off the ice, creating a sisterhood that no other team can boast. They dreamed, they paid, they conquered. It was a beautiful moment in Hamilton history, and key in advertising for transfers and prospectives.

Coach Reece made out with a win, the girls made out with a good time, and everyone else there just made out! At least they know how to end a season the memorable way.